Imprimatur,

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Novemb. 5th.
1663.

Imprimatur,

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Novemb. 5th.
1663.

HUDIBRAS.

The Second Part.

By the Authour of the First.

LONDON,

Printed by *T.R* for *John Martyn*, and *James Allestry* at the Bell in St. *Pauls* Church Yard, 1664.

The Second Part of HUDIBRAS.

The Argument of the first *Canto*.

The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in Priſon;
Love *brings his Action on the Caſe,*
And layes it upon Hudibras.
How he revi's the Ladies viſit;
And cunningly ſollicit's his ſute,
Which Shee deferres: yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I.

BUt now t'obſerve *Romantique* Method,
Let bloody Steel a while be ſheathed;

And unto *Love* turn we our ſtyle,
To let our Reader breathe a while,
By this time tyr'd with th' horrid ſounds
Of blows, and cutts, and bloud, and wounds:
In which, that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *Preface.*
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That a mans fancy ſhould ne'r change?
But make all People do, and ſay,
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame way?
Some Writers make all *Ladies* perloynd,
And *Knights* purſuing like a whirlwind:
Others make all their *Knights*, in fits
Of Jealouſie, to loſe their wits;

Til

Til drawing bloud o'th'Dames, like witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling plaiſters off their ſores;
As Cripples do to get an Almes,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some force whole Regions, in deſpight
O' *Geography*, to change their ſite:
Make former times ſhake hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.
But thoſe that write in *Rhime*, ſtill make
The one *Verſe*, for the others ſake:
For, one for *Senſe*, and one for *Rhime*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.

But we forget in what ſad plight
We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*,
And penſive *Squire*, both bruis'd in body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tyr'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latin*,
As well as baſting, and *Bear-bayting*;
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by wit or force,
His onely Solace was, That now
His dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' event, no leſs
Then other times, beſide his gueſs.

There

There is a Tall Long-ſided Dame,
(But wondrous light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* Bourds
Her ſelf on Ayr, and eats her words:
Upon her ſhoulders wings ſhe wears,
Like hanging-ſleeves, lin'd through with ears
And eys, and tongues, as *Poets* liſt,
Made good by deep *Mythologiſt*.
With theſe, ſhe through the Welkin flyes,
And ſometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lyes*;
With letters hung like *Eaſtern* Pidgeons,
And *Mercuries* of furtheſt Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to enform the Nation:

And by their Publick uſe to bring down
The rate of *Whetſtones* in the Kingdome.
About her neck a Pacquet-*Male*,
Fraught with Advice, ſome freſh, ſome ſtale;
Of men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monſters* brought to bed:
Of *Hailſtones* big as *Pullets* egs,
And *Puppies* whelp'd with twice two legs:
A *Blazing-Star* ſeen in the *Weſt*,
By ſix or ſeven men at leaſt.
Two Trumpets ſhe does ſound at once,
But both of clean contrary tones.
But whether both with the ſame wind,
Or one before, and one behind,

We know not; onely this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well.
And therefore Vulgar *Authors* name
Th' one Good, the other Evil *Fame*.
This twatling *Goſſip* knew too well
What miſchief *Hudibras* befell,
And ſtreight the ſpightful tydings bears,
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's ears.
Democritus ne'r laugh'd ſo loud
To ſee *Bauds* carted through the crowd,
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn dump;
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back
As well as ſides, was like to crack.

She vow'd she would go see the sight,
And visit the distressed *Knight*,
To do the office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Gossip* at his Labour:
That is, to see him deliver'd safe
Of's wooden burthen, and *Squire Raph*;
And by Exchange, Parole, or Ransome,
To free him from th' Inchanted Mansion.
This b'ing resolv'd, she call'd for hood
And Usher, Implements abroad,
Which *Ladies* wear, beside a slender
Young waiting *Damsel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on she went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent:

And

And 'twas not long, before she found
Him, and his stout *Squire*, in the Pound;
Both coupled in Inchanted Tether,
By further leg behind together:
For as he sate upon his Rump,
His head like one in doleful dump,
Between his knees, his hands appli'd
Unto his ears on either side.
And by him, in another hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, cheek by Joul;
She came upon him in his wooden
Magicians Circle, on the sudden,
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadfulst shapes th' appear.

No

No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtreight he fell into a feaver,
Inflam'd all over with diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a place;
Which made him hang the head, and ſcoul,
And wink, and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him;
This place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's Inchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted;
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd;
Look, there are two of them appear
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere:

Some

Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts,
For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghoſts*
With Sawcer-eyes, and Horns; and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong account of faces;
That *Beard* and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas conjur'd and inchanted.
For though it be disfigur'd ſomewhat
As if t' had lately been in Combat;
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
How e're this *Goblin* is come by't.
When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
Diſcourſing thus upon his *Beard*,

And

And ſpeak with ſuch reſpect and honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard*'s owner,
He thought it beſt to ſet as good
A face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he ſpoke; *Lady*, your bright
And radiant eyes are in the right:
The *Beard*'s th' Identique *Beard* you knew,
The ſame numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himſelf.
Oh Heavens! quoth ſhe, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you:
Not by your Individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Diſcourſe;

That

That never ſpoke to Man or Beaſt,
In notions vulgarly expreſt.
But what malignant Star, alas,
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?
Quoth he, the fortune of the War,
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Then to be ſeen with *Beard* and *Face*,
By you, in ſuch elenctique caſe.
Quoth ſhe, thoſe need not be aſham'd,
For being honourably maym'd;
If he that is in battel conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your viſage more adorn,

Then

Then if 'twere prun'd,& ſtarch'd,& landerd,
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* Standerd.
A torn *Beard*'s like a tatterd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt rents in.
That Petticoat about your ſhoulders,
Does not ſo well become a Souldiers,
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i'th' rere, your *Beard* the Van led.
And thoſe uneaſie Bruiſes make
My heart for company to ake,
To ſee ſo worſhipful a friend
I'th Pillory ſet, at the wrong end.
Quoth *Hudibras*, this thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)

Not

Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as tis underſtood.
Senſe is Deceitful, and may feign,
As well in counterfeiting Pain
As other groſs *Phænomena*'s,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe.
But ſince th' Immortal Intellect
(That's free from Error and Defect,
Whoſe objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward bruiſe or maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material bangs or blows:
It follows, we can ne'r be ſure,
Whether we pain or not endure:

And just so far are sore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd.
Some have been wounded with conceit,
And dy'd of meer opinion streight;
Others, though wounded sore in reason,
Felt no contusion nor Discretion.
A *Saxon* Duke did grow so fat,
That *Mice* (as Histories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths to dwell in
His Postique parts, without his feeling:
Then how is't possible a kick
Should e're reach that way t' the quick?
Quoth she, I grant it is in vain,
For one that's basted, to feel pain;

Because

Becauſe the *Pangs* his bones endure,
Contribute nothing to the Cure:
Yet *Honor* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no med'cine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, That *Honor*'s very ſqueemiſh
That takes a baſting for a blemiſh:
For what's more honorable then *ſcarrs*,
Or skin to tatters rent in *Warrs*?
Some have been beaten, till they know
What wood a *Cudgel*'s of by th' blow;
Some kick'd, until they can feel whether
A ſhoo be *Spaniſh* or *Neats*-Leather:
And yet have met, after long running,
With ſome whom they have taught that cunning.

The furtheſt way about, t'orecome
In th' end does prove the neareſt home;
By *Laws* of learned *Duelliſts*
They that are bruis'd with *wood*, or *fiſts*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultroons*:
But if they dare engage t'a ſecond,
They'r *ſtout* and *gallant* fellows reckond.
Th' old *Romans*, freedom did beſtow;
Our *Princes* worſhip, with a blow:
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his ſplenatick
And teſty Courtiers with a kick.
The *Negus*, when ſome mighty *Lord*
Or *Potentate*'s to be reſtor'd

To

To his good *Grace*, for ſome offence,
Forfeit before, and pardond ſince:
Firſt has him layd upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *back*, and *ſide*, t'a *Jelly*,
That done, he riſes, humbly bows,
And gives thanks for the *Princely* blows;
Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting,
Of his magnificent *Rib-roaſting*.
The Beaten *Souldier* proves moſt manfull,
That, like his *Sword*, endur's the Anvile:
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable.
But he that fears a *Baſtinadoe*,
Will run away from his own ſhadow.

And though I'm now in *durance* faſt,
By our own *Party*, baſely caſt,
Ranſome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worſe then by the *Enemy* us'd;
In cloſe *Cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope.
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, ſtill grow more reverend:
And *Cannons* ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their breeches:
I'le make this low dejected *fate*
Advance me to a greater height.

Quoth ſhe, Y'have almoſt made m' in love
With that, which did my pitty move,

Grea

Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do ſometimes ſink with their own weights :
Th' extreams of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *Eaſt* and *Weſt*, become the ſame :
No *Indian-Prince* has to his *Pallace*
More follow'rs then a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *Glories* muſt *a Whipping* have ?
Such great *Atchievements* cannot fayl,
To caſt ſalt on a *Womans* Tayl.
For if I thought your *nat'ral Talent*
Of *Paſſive Courage*, were ſo Gallant ;
As you ſtrain hard, to have it thought
I could grow *Amorous*, and *dote*.

When *Hudibras* this language heard,
He prickd up's ears, and ſtrok'd his *Beard*:
Thought he, this is the *Lucky hour*,
Wines work, when *Vines* are in the flour;
This *Criſis* then I'l ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the *Queſtion*.

Madam, what you would ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the world made out,
How I've been *Drubd*, and with what *Spirit*,
And *Magnanimity*, I bear it.
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'l ſtake my *ſelf* down againſt you:
And if I fayl in *Love*, or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.

Quoth

Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stagers*
Say, Fools for *Arguments* uſe wagers.
And though I prays'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*,
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What, I have told you before now,
And you b'experiment have prov'd,
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*;
So Cheats, to play with thoſe ſtill aime,
That do not underſtand the Game.
Love in your heart as idely burns,
As fire in antique *Roman*-Urns,

To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light,
Thoſe only, that ſee nothing by't.
Have you not power to *entertain*,
And render *Love* for *love* again?
As *no man* can draw in his *breath*,
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?
Or do you *love* your ſelf ſo much,
To bear all *Rivals* elſe a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curſe,
Then you upon your ſelf would force?
For *Wedlock* without *love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to *marry*
One, that neglects, or cares not for yee:

For

For, what does make it *Raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the *Mind's Conſent*?
A *Rape*, that is the more inhumane,
For being acted by a *Woman*,
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot *love*, you ſay,
Out of your own *Fanatique* way,
Why ſhould you not, at leaſt, allow,
Thoſe that *love* you, to do ſo too?
For, as you fly mee, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you:
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught,
To practiſe what you call a *fault*.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay be true,
You muſt fly mee, as I do you,

But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *Love*, and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, to bid me not to *love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulſe* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup;
Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Loves power's too great to be withſtood,
By feeble humane *fleſh* and *blood*.
'Twas he, that brought upon his knees
The *Hect'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Transform'd his *Leager-lions* skin
T' a *Petticoat*, and made him ſpin:

Seiz'

Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*.
'Twas he made *Emperours* Gallants
To their own *Siſters*, and their *Aunts*;
Set *Popes*, and *Cardinals* agog,
To play with *Pages*, at Leap-frog;
'Twas he, that gave our *Senate* purges,
And fluxt the *Houſe*, of many a *Burgeſs*;
Made thoſe that repreſent the *Nation*
Submit, and ſuffer *amputation*:
And all the *Grandees* o'th' *Cabal*
Adjorn to *Tubs*, at *ſpring* and *fall*.
He mounted *Synod-men* and rod 'em
To *Durty-lane*, and *little-Sodom*;

Made

Made 'em Corvet, like *Spaniſh* Jenets
And take the Ring at Madam——.
'Twas he, that made Saint *Francis* do
More, then the Dev'l could tempt him to;
In cold and frosty weather, grow
Inamourd of a wife of *Snow*;
And though she were of *rigid* temper,
With melting *flames* accost, and tempt her
Which after in *enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth she, if *Love* have these effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted,
For *Diabolical*, and wicked?

And

And ſong, as out of tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?
I find, I've greater reaſon for it,
Then I believ'd before, t'abhor it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad effects
Spring from your *Heatheniſh* neglects
Of *Love's* great pow'r, which he returns
Upon your ſelves, with equal ſcorns;
And thoſe who worthy *Lovers* ſlight,
Plague's with prepoſt'rous Appetite;
This made the beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;
And from her greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow.

Others

Others to proſtitute their great *hearts*,
To be *Baboons*, and *Munkeys* ſweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in league grow,
By's Repreſentative a *Negro*.
'Twas this made *Veſtal*-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.
Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Miſtreſſes*, and *Mothers*:
'Tis this that Proudeſt *Dames* enamours
On Lacquies, and *Varlets des-Chambres*
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to Durty *Grooms*;
To ſlight the *World*, and to diſparage
Claps, *Iſſue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth

Quoth She, theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch, as I ſhould rather bear,
Then truſt men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *faith*, and *ſecreſie* in *love*.
Says he, There is as weighty reaſon,
For ſecreſie in *Love* as *Treaſon*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
That at the *Windore*-eye do's ſteal in
To rob the *Heart*, and with his prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſervs) to ſuffer.
Love is a fire, that burns and ſparcles,
In *Men*, as nat'rally as in Char-coals,

Which

Which ſooty *Chymiſts* ſtop in holes,
When out of wood, they extract Coles
So *Lovers* ſhould their *Paſſions* choak,
That though they burn, they may not ſmoak.
'Tis like that ſturdy *Thief*, that ſtole,
And drag'd Beaſts backwards, into 's hole:
So *Love* does *lovers*; and us men
Draws by the Tayls into his Den;
That no *impreſſion* may diſcover,
And trace t' his *Cave*, the wary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I ſhould reveal
What you entruſt me under ſeal,
I'l prove my ſelf as cloſe, and vertuous,
As, your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant, you may be cloſe
In hiding what your aims propoſe:
Love-paſſions are like *Parables*,
By which men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though *Love* be all the worlds pretence,
Mony's the *Mythologique* ſence,
The real ſubſtance of the ſhadow,
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to.
Thought he, I underſtand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his *Dame*, muſt do,
As *Love* do's, when he bends his *Bow*:
With one hand thruſt the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull *her* home.

I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative, to am'rous heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet
That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis *Benty* always in the flower,
That buds and bloſſoms at fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun*, and *Moon*,
At their own weapons, are out-done;
That makes *Knight Errant* fall in trances,
And lay about 'm in *Romances*.
'Tis *virtue*, *wit*, and *worth*, and all
That men *divine* and *ſacred* call.
For what is *worth* in any thing,
But ſo much *money* as 'twill bring?

Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which man can ſolely call his own;
In which, no Creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh*?
I do confeſs, with *goods* and *land*,
I'd have a wife, a ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your perſon,
My ſtomach's ſet ſo *ſharp*, and *fierce* on,
But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
That my enamour'd heart bewitches;
Let me your *fortune* but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o're in *truſt* to th' *Devil*,
You'l find me *reaſonable* and *civil*.

Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better,
Then falſe *mock-paſſion*, *ſpeech*, or *letter*,
Or any feat of *qualm* or *ſowning*,
But *hanging* of your ſelf, or *drowning*;
Your only way with me, to *break*
Your minde, is *breaking* of your Neck:
For as when *Merchants* break, orethrown
Like *Nine-pins*, they ſtrike others down;
So, that would break my *heart*, which done,
My tempting *fortune* is your own.
Theſe are but trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
Will damn himſelf, over and over,
And greater matters undertake,
For a leſs worthy *Miſtreſs* ſake;

Yet

Yet th'are the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd *realities* of *Love*;
For he that hangs, or beats out's brains,
The *Devil*'s in him if he feigns.
Quoth *Hudibras*, this way's too rough,
For meer *experiment*, and *proof*;
It is no jesting, trivial matter,
To swing in th' *Air*, or douce in water
And like a Water-witch, try *love*,
That's to destroy and not to prove:
As if a man should be dissected,
To find what part is disaffected:
Your better way, is to make over
In *trust*, your fortune to your *Lover*;

Truſt is a *Tryal*, if it break,
'Tis not ſo deſp'rate, as a *Neck*:
Beſide, th' *experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *necks* to gain a fortune;
This is the way I adviſe you to,
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhould be loath to run
My ſelf all th' hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *deed*
Of yours, aforeſaid do precede;
Give but your ſelf one gentle *ſwing*,
For tryal, and I'l cut the *ſtring*:
Or give that Reverend *Head*, a maul,
Or two, or three, againſt a wall;

To

To ſhew you are a man of mettle,
And I'l engage my ſelf, to *ſettle*.
Quoth he, my *Head*'s not made of *braſs*
As Frier *Bacon*'s noddle was:
Nor (like the *Indians* ſcull) ſo tough,
That *Authors* ſay, 'twas *Muſket-proof*:
As it had need to be, to enter
As yet, on any new *Adventure*;
You ſee what *bangs* it has endur'd,
That would, before new *feats*, be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here, ſtrike me *luck*, it ſhall be done.
Quoth ſhe, The matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe, *Two words t'a Bargain*,

That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down-right proof;
And yet 'tis no *Fantaſtique* pike,
I have to *love*, nor coy *diſlike*;
'Tis no implicite, nice *Averſion*
T'your *Converſation*, *Meine*, or *Perſon*:
But a juſt fear leſt you ſhould prove
Falſe, and perfidious in *Love*;
For if I thought you could be *true*,
I could *love* twice as much as you.
Quoth he, My faith as *Adamantine*
As Chains of *Deſtiny*, I'l maintain;
True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or *Oracle* from heart of Oak.

And if you'l give my *flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigsney*.
The *Sun* and *Day* ſhall ſooner part,
Then *love*, or you, ſhake off my heart.
The *Sun* that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but *your* bright influence;
I'l carve your name on *Barks* of *Trees*,
With *true-loves knots*, and *flouriſhes*;
That ſhall infuſe eternal *ſpring*,
And ever-laſting flouriſhing:
Drink every letter on't, in *Stum*;
And make it brisk *Champaign* become;

Where

Where ere you tread your foot ſhall ſet
The *Primroſe* and the *Violet*;
All *ſpices*, *perfumes*, and *ſweet powders*,
Shall borrow from your breath their *Odors*
Nature her *Charter* ſhall renew,
And take all *lives* of things from you;
The *World* depend upon your *eye*,
And when you frown upon it, die.
Only our *loves*, ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New worlds and natures to out-live;
And, like to *Heraulds* Moons, remain
All *Creſcents*, without *change* or *wane*.
Hold, hold, Quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiſs;

For you will find it a hard *Chapter*,
To catch me with *Poetique Rapture*,
In which your *Maſtery* of *Art*
Doth ſhew it ſelf, and not your *Heart*:
Nor will you raiſe in mine *combuſtion*,
By dint of high *Heroique* fuſtion:
Shee that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
And what men ſay of her, they mean,
No more, then on the thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian ſpices* ſtrive
T'embalm her, cruelly alive;
Or *ſeaſon* her, as *French* Cooks uſe,
Their *Haut-guſts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragnſts*;

Uſe

Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Until the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather then her mouth;
Her mouth compar'd t'an *Oyſter's*, with
A Row of *Pearl* in't, ſtead of *Teeth*;
Others, make *Poſies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *red*, and *whiteſt* colours mix;
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*
For *Indian* Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The *Sun*, and *Moon*, by her bright eys,
Eclips'd, and darkned in the *Skies*;
Are but *black-patches*, that ſhe wears,
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*.

H

r voyce the *Muſique* of the *Spheres*
loud, it deafens mortal ears;
s wiſe *Philoſophers* have thought,
nd that's the cauſe we hear it not.
his has been done by ſome, who thoſe
h' ador'd in *Rhime* would kick in *Proſe*;
nd in thoſe *Ribbins* would have hung,
f which melodiouſly they ſung.
hat have the hard *fate*, to write beſt
f thoſe ſtill, that deſerve it leaſt;
matters not how *falſe*, or *forc'd*,
the *beſt* things be ſaid o'th' *worſt*;
goes for nothing when 'tis ſed
nly the *Arrow*'s drawn to th' head,

Whether

Whether it be a *Swan* or *Gooſe*
They level at: So *Shepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *mark* on the *hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten Sheep*.
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*,
The *mark*, which elſe they ne'r come *nig*
But when they take their aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you ſhould chuſe
This way t'attack me with your *Muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *Poetique fiction*:
I rather hop'd, I ſhould no more
Hear from you, oth' *Gallanting* ſcore:

For hard *dry-baſtings* uſe to prove
The readieſt Remedies of *Love*,
Next a *dry-diet*: But if thoſe fayl,
Yet this uneaſie Loop-hold *Jail*
In which y'are *hamperd* by the *fet-lock*,
Cannot but put y'in mind of *Wedlock*:
Wedlock, that's worſe then any hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *Cooler*;
T'allay your *Mettle*, all agog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavy'r clog.
Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has freed you from thoſe *knobs*, that grow
Much harder, on the marry'd *Brow*:

But

But if no dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler aims, your Puiſſance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The faireſt *mark* is eaſieſt hit.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before hand
In that already, with your command:
For where does *Beauty*, and high *Wit*,
But in your *Conſtellation*, meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a *Match* imply
But *likeneſs* and *equality*?
I know you cannot think mee fit,
To be the *Yoke-fellow* of your *Wit*:

Nor take one of ſo mean *Deſerts*,
To be the *Partner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I could believe,
I've not the Conſcience to receive.
That *Conſcience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is misinform'd; I'l ſtate the *Caſe*.
A man may be a *Legal Doner*
Of any thing, whereof he's *Owner*;
And may confer it where he liſts,
'Th' Judgment of all *Caſuiſts*:
Then, *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
Be ali'nated, and made away,
By thoſe that are *Proprietors*;
As I may give, or ſell my *Horſe*.

Quoth ſhe, I grant the *Caſe* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or ſell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe then Thieves *Receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *Hue*, and *Cry*
For a *Roan-Guelding*, twelve hands high,
All ſpur'd and ſwitch'd, a *Lock* on's hoof,
A *ſorrel-mane*; can I bring proof,
Where, when, by whom, & what y'were ſold
And in the open *Market* toll'd for?
Or ſhould I take you for a ſtray,
You muſt be kept a year, and day,

(Ere I can own you) here i'th' *Pound*,
Where if y'are ſought you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all the *Provender*, and *Hey*.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon,
T'*enervate* this *Objection*,
And prove my ſelf, by *Topique* clear,
No *Gnelding* as you would infer.
Loſs of *Virility*'s aver'd
To be the cauſe of loſs of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embryo* in the Womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This firſt a *Woman* did invent,
In envy of *Mans* ornament.

Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut men 'oth' *Stone*:
To marr their *Beards*, and lay'd foundatio
Of *Sow-geldering* operation.
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether,
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or *Gueldings* either.
Next it appears, I am no *Horſe*,
That I can argue, and diſcourſe,
Have but two *legs*, and ne're a *tayl*.
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avayl;
For ſome *Philoſophers* of late here,
Write, Men have fower legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Cuſtom* makes them go
Erroneouſly upon but two;

As 'twas in *Germany* made good,
B'a Boy, that loſt himſelf in a *Wood*;
And growing down t'a man, was wont
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your reaſons drawn from *tayls*,
We cannot ſay, th'are true, or falſe
Till you explain your ſelf, and ſhow
B'experiment 'tis ſo, or no.
Quoth he, if you'l joyn *Iſſue* on't,
I'l give you ſatisfactory account;
So you will promiſe, if you looſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *Spouſe*.
That never ſhall be done (Quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *Tayl*, by me:

For *Tayls* by Natures ſure were meant
As well as *Beards*, for ornament :
And though the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *man* or *beaſt*, they are ſo comely,
So *Gentee*, *Allamode*, and handſom,
I'l never marry *man* that wants one :
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'l be torn piece-meal by a *Horſe*,
Ere I'l take you *for better or worſe*.
The *Prince* of *Cambays* dayly food,
Is *Aſpe*, and *Baſilique*, and *Toad*,
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a breath,
Each night he ſtinks a *Queen* to death ;

Ye

Yet I ſhall rather ly'n his *Arms*
Then yours, on any other *tearms*.
Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I ſhall produce upon my word,
And if ſhe ever gave that *boon*
To man, I'l prove that I have one;
I mean, by *poſtulate Illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt occaſion;
But ſince y'have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Pris'ner*, a Reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my heel,
Let that at leaſt your Pitty feel,
And for the ſufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give it's poor entertainer *quarter*;

And by *Diſcharge*, or *Main-priſe* grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe *Reſtraint*.
Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your *Leg*
Stuck in a hole here like a *Peg*,
And if I knew which way to do't
(Your *Honor* ſafe) I'de let you out.
That *Dames* by *Jail-delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been ſet free,
When by *Enchantment* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, lay'd in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honor* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *famous* elſe
But aiding of diſtreſſed *Damoſels*?

But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*
To free a *Knight*, we have no warrant
In any Authentical *Romance*,
Or *Claſſique Author* yet of *France*:
And I'de be loath to have you break
An Ancient *Cuſtom* for a freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In place of things of *antique* uſe;
To free your heels by any Courſe
That might b' unwholſom to your *Spurs*:
Which if I ſhould conſent unto,
It is not in my power to do;
For 'tis a ſervice muſt be done yee,
With ſolemn previous Ceremony.

VVhich

Which always has been us'd t'untie
The *Charms* of thoſe who here do lie;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honor's Temple* had no dore,
But that which thorough *Virtues* lay;
So, from this *Dungeon*, there's no way
To *honor'd freedom*, but by paſſing
That other *Virtuous* School of *Laſhing*,
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow liſts,
With wooden *Lockets* 'bout their wriſts,
In which they for a while are *Tenants*
And for their *Ladies* ſuffer *Penance*:
Whipping that's *Virtues* Governeſs,
Tutreſs of *Arts* and *Sciences*;

That

That mends the groſs miſtakes of *Nature*,
And puts new life into dull matter;
That lays foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *honors* of the *Gown*:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large
And *free'd* with honorable diſcharge,
Then in their *Robes* the *Penitentials*,
Are ſtreight preſented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magiſtrates* of ev'ry Town;
And all reſpect, and charges pay'd,
They'r to their ancient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'l venture for my ſake,
To try the toughneſs of your *back*,

And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on,
(And may you proſper in your ſuit,
As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage my ſelf to looſe yee,
And free your *heels* from *Caperdewſie*.
But ſince our *Sexe's* modeſty
Will not allow I ſhould be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair account,
And *honor* too, when you have don't;
And I'l admit you to the place,
You claim as *due* in my good grace.
If *Matrimony*, and *Hanging* go
By *Deſt'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?

What

What med'cine elſe can cure the *fits*
Of *Lovers*, when they loſe their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy*, by *Poets* ſtyl'd,
Then *Spare the rod, and ſpill the Child.*
A *Perſian* Emp'rour whip'd his Grannum
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome Rev'rend men approve
Of *Roſemary* in making *Love.*
As skilful *Coopers* hoop their Tubs,
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A Grace, perform'd in time and mood;
With comely movement, and by *Art*,
Rayſe Paſſion in a *Ladies* heart?

It is an easier way, to make
Love by, then that which many take.
Who would not rather suffer *Whipping*,
Than swallow *Toasts* of bits of *Ribbin*?
Make wicked *Verses*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And spell names over, with *Bere-glasses*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *dy*
Loves Sacrifice, and all a *lie*?
With *China-Orenges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay baits for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-maids* with *love* and *money*,
To break no Roguish *jeasts* upon yee?
For Lillyes limn'd on *Cheeks*, and Roses,
With painted perfumes, hazard noses?

Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do penance in a *Paper-lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for, now
By ſuffering what I offer you:
Which is no more then has been done,
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agone:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo
For the *Infanta Del Taboſo*?
Did not th' Illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *Slave* for *Miſſe's* ſake?
And with Buls-pizzle, for her *love*
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not Young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His flame for *Biancafiore*) to School,

Where

Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* Bum
For her ſake ſuffer *Martyrdom*?
Did not a certain *Lady* whip,
Of late, her husband's own Lordſhip?
And though a Grandee of the *Houſe*,
Claw'd him with *Legiſlative* blows,
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a Bed-poſt
And friſk'd his Hide, as if ſh' had rid poſt;
And after in the *Seſſions-Court*
Where *Whipping*'s Judg'd, had *honor* for't:
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'l ſet you from th' inchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,

And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.
Amen (quoth ſhe;) Then turn'd about
And bid her *Squire* let him out.
But e're an *Artiſt* could be found
T'undo the *Charms* another bound,
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
Put down (ſome write) by *Ladies* eys.
The *Moon* pul'd off her Vail of Light,
That hides her Face by day from ſight,
(Myſterious Vail, of brightneſs made,
That's both her luſter, and her ſhade)
And in the *Lanthorn* of the Night
With ſhining *Horns*, hung out her light:

The twinckling *Stars* began to muſter
And glitter with their borrow'd luſter,
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t'adjorn
His *Whipping*-penance till the morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of ſuch *importance* in the Dark
With erring haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open face of *Day*;
And in the mean time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

CANTO II.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden fright
Of ſtrange Alarm, and ſtranger ſight:
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They'r ſent away in naſty pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIs ſtrange how ſome mens Tempers ſuit
(Like *Bawd*, and *Brandee*) with Diſpute,

That for their own *opinions* ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their *Conſciences* in Caſes
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*.
Ne'r to be us'd but when they'r bent
To play a fit for *Argument*.
Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjuſt* and *juſt*,
Of no uſe but to be diſcuſt.
Diſpute and ſet a *Paradox*
Like a ſtreight Boot upon the Stocks
And ſtretch it more unmercifully
Then *Helmont*, *Mountaygn*, *White*, or *Tully*
So th' Ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch
With fierce diſpute maintain'd their *Church*

Beat out their Brains in fight and ſtudy,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*,
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with ſtout *Polemique* Braul
In which, ſome Hundreds on the Place
Were ſlain outright, and many a face
Retrencht of *Noſe*, and *Eys*, and *Beard*
To maintain what their *Sect* aver'd,
All which, the *Knight* and *Squire* in wrath
Had like t'have ſuffer'd for their faith,
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *Sequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis*, taken out his *Nap*,

And like a *Lobſter* boyl'd, the *Morn*
From *black* to *red* began to turn.
When *Hudibras*, whom thoughts & aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept, all night, and waking,
Began to rub his drowſie eys,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe;
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed
He vow'd to do, with truſty ſpeed.
But firſt with knocking lowd and bauling,
He rows'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling,
And, after many Circumſtances,
VVhich vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do uſe to ſpend their *time*, and *wits* on
To make impertinent Deſcription;

They

They got (with much ado) to *horſe*,
And to the *Caſtle* bent their Courſe,
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To ſuffer *whipping* duely ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt
To carry on the *work* in earneſt,
He ſtop'd and paws'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious forehead plodding,
Sprung a new Scruple in his head;
He ſcratch'd it firſt, and after ſed,
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, if I ſhould wave this *ſwinging*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear
And ſo b' *equivocation* ſwear;

Or whether't be a leſſer *Sin*
To be forſworn then act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtle *points*, which muſt,
T'inform my conſcience, be diſcuſt.
In which to *err* a tittle, may
To *errors* infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *Judgment* e're we further go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, ſince you do injoyn't
I ſhall inlarge upon the *Point*.
And for my own part do not doubt
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out.
But firſt to *ſtate* the *Caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our light;

And thus 'tis: Whether't be a *Sin*
To *Claw* and *Curry* your own *skin*
Greater, or leſs, then to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, 'oth' firſt: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan*, and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing,
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a Spiritual *Myſtique* ſence,
Which to miſtake, and make 'm ſquabble,
In literal fray, 's abhominable;
'Tis heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With *Pagans*, and *Apoſtate Jews*,

To

To offer ſacrifice of *Bridewells*:
Like modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungrel *Chriſtians* of our times,
That expiat leſs, with greater *Crimes*,
And call the foul *Abhomination*,
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough w'are bruis'd, and kicked,
With ſinful members of the wicked,
Our veſſels, that are *ſanctifi'd*,
Profan'd, and *Curry'd*, back and ſide;
But we muſt claw our ſelves, with ſhameful,
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *Impious*, becauſe they did it.

This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *heinous* ſin. Now to the ſecond,
That *Saints* may claim a *Diſpenſation*
To *ſwear* and *forſwear*, on occaſion;
I doubt not, but it will appear,
With pregnant light, The *point* is clear.
Oaths are but *words*, and *words* but *wind*,
Too feeble implements to *bind*;
And hold with *deeds* proportion, ſo
As *ſhadows* to a *ſubſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for *place*, 'tis fit
The *weaker Veſſel* ſhould ſubmit:
Although your *Church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *Black-Friers*, are to *White*,

In

In *Rule* and *Order*: Yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*,
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:
But *Saints* whom *Oaths*, or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Priviledge*;
Further (I mean) then carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own.
For if the *Dev'l*, to ſerve his turn,
Can tell *Truth*; why the *Saints* ſhould ſcorn
When it ſervs theirs, to *ſwear*, and *lie*,
I think, there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h'has a greater pow'r then they,
Which 'twere *impiety* to ſay.

W'are

W'are not commanded to forbear,
Indefinitely, at all to *ſwear*,
But to *ſwear* idly, and in vain,
Without ſelf-intereſt, or gain.
For, breaking of an *Oath* and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint-like virtue*, and from hence,
Some have broke *Oaths*, by *Providence*:
Some, to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their word:
And this the conſtant *Rule* and *practice*,
Of all our late *Apoſtles Acts* is.
Was not the *Cauſe* at firſt begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?

Was

Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But, in due time and place, they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in first,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burst,
And cast in fitter *models*, for
The present use of *Church* and *War*?
Did not our *Worthies* of the *House*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having free'd us, first from both
Th' *Allegeance*, and *Supremacy-Oath*?
Did they not, next, compel the *Nation*,
To take, and break the *Protestation*?
To *swear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League*, and *Covenant*?

To take th' *Engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe, who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt, to *fight*
For the KING's *ſafety*, and his *Right*?
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horſe* and *Foot*?
And yet ſtill had the confidence,
To ſwear, it was in His *defence*?
Did they not ſwear to *live* and *die*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtreight lay'd him by?
If that were all, for ſome have *ſwore*
As falſe as they, if th'did no more.
Did they not *ſwear* to maintain *Law*,
In which, that *ſwearing* made a *Flaw*?

For

For *Proteſtant Religion* Vow,
That did that *Vowing* diſallow?
For *Priviledg* of *Parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Rent*?
And, ſince, of all the *three*, not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords*?
And after turn'd out the whole *Houſe-ful*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſeful?
So *Crumwel* with deep *Oaths*, and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out 'oth' *Houſe*,
Vow'd that the *Red-coats* would disband,
I marry would they, at their Command.

And trol'd 'em on, and *swore* and *swore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Dore*;
This tells us plainly, what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *swearing* go for nought.
And that by them th' were only meant,
To serve for an *Expedient*.
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to slur men of what they fought for.
The *Publick Faith*, which ev'ry one
s bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
hould *Private faith* have ſuch a tye?
Oaths were not purpos'd more then *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Juſt* in awe,

But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*
Like Moral Cattle in a *Pinfold*.
A *Saint*'s of th' heavenly Realm a *Peer*:
And as no *Peer* is bound to *ſwear*,
But on the *Goſpel* of his *Honor*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *Owner*;
It follows, though the thing be *forgery*,
And falſe th'affirm, it is no *perjury*,
But a meer *Ceremony*, and a breach
Of nothing, but a form of ſpeech,
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
But meer *ſaluting* of the *Book*.
Suppoſe the *Scriptures* are of force,
They'r but *Commiſſions* of Courſe,

And *Saints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em, as they pleaſe ;
Or miſinterpret them, by *private*
Inſtructions, to all *Aims* they drive at.
Then why ſhould we our ſelves *abridg*,
And *Curtail* our own *Priviledg* ?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear
Their light within 'em) will not *ſwear*.
Their *Goſpel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they conſtrue *Conſcience*,
And hold no *ſin* ſo deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priſcian*'s head
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That ſtirring *Hats* held worſe then murder)

These thinking th' are oblig'd to *Troth*
In *swearing*, will not take an *Oath*';
Like Mules, who if th' have not their will,
To keep their own pace, stand stock still;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Consciences* may do.
'Tis the *temptation* of the Devill,
That makes all humane actions evill:
For *Saints* may do the same things by
The *Spirit*, in *sincerity*,
Which other men are tempted to,
And at the Devils instance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Just as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.

For

For as on land there is no *Beaſt*,
But in ſome *Fiſh* at Sea 's expreſt,
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a ſpice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in th' other is a *Sin*.
Is't not *Ridiculous*, and *Nonſence*,
A *Saint* ſhould be a ſlave to *Conſcience*?
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far, as above *Ordinances*.
She 's of the *Wicked*, as I gueſs,
B'her *looks*, her *language*, and her *dreſs*;
And though, like *Conſtables*, we ſearch
For falſe Wares, one anothers *Church*:

Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the wicked due;
For *Truth* is *Pretious*, and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit, that all men knew
Thoſe *Myſteries*, and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evaſions
Of ſubtle *Turns*, and *Shifts* of ſence,
Serve beſt with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *Presbyterians*, for excuſe,
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th'happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping.

As thus: A breach of *Oath* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *ſcruple*,
And may be *ex parte* of the *Maker*,
More criminal, then th'injur'd *Taker*.
For he that ſtrains too far a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o're-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for convenience took it:
A broken Oath is, *quatenus Oath*,
As ſound t'all purpoſes of *Troath*,
As broken *Laws* are n're the worſe,
Nay till th'are broken, have no force,
What's *Juſtice* to a man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws?

They have no pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot control, coerce, or puniſh,
Until they'r broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make them ſuch.
Beſide, no *Engagement* is allow'd,
By men in *Priſon* made, for Good;
For when they'r ſet at *liberty*,
They'r from th' *Engagement* too, ſet free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God*, or *Man*, a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;
Any three other *Jews* 'oth' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:

And have not two *Saints* pow'r to uſe,
A greater *Priviledge* then three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conſcience*, which in *Man*
Should be *ſupream* and *ſoveraign*;
Is't fit, ſhould be *ſubordinate*,
To ev'ry petty *Court* i'th' State,
And have leſs Power then the *leſſer*,
To deal with *Perjury* at pleaſure?
Have it's proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-powder*?
Tell all it does, or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex Officio*?
Be forc'd t' empeach a broken hedg,
And *Pigs* un-ring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge.*

Diſcover

Diſcover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recuſants*,
Prieſts, *Witches*, *Eveſ-droppers*, and *Nuſance*
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-ful.
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help it ſelf at a dead lift?
Why ſhould not *Conſcience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts 'oth' Nation?
Have equal power to adjorn
Appoint *Appearance* and *Retorn*?
And make as nice diſtinctions ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe; as thoſe that carve
Invoking Cookolds names, hit joynts,
Why ſhould not tricks as ſlight, do points?

Is not th' *High-Court of Juſtice* ſworn
To judg that Law, that ſerves their *turn*?
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe're they pleaſe on?
Cannot the *Learned Councel* there
Make Laws in any ſhape appear?
Mould 'em, as *Witches* do their clay,
When they make *Pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any form,
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon, whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn,
Thoſe that engag'd their *Lives* for them?

And

And yet do nothing in their own ſenſe,
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conſcience*
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance, play with *wrong* and *right*;
And ſell their blaſts of *wind* as dear,
As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge;
As Seamen, with the ſelf-ſame *Gale*
Will ſev'ral different Courſes ſayl?
As when the *Sea* breaks o're its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds;
Thoſe *Banks* and *Dams*, that like a *Screen*,
Did keep it out, now keep it in:

So

So when *Tyrannical Vſurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
The *Laws* 'oth' Land that were entended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Do's not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry man *ſwear*,
What makes beſt for him, in his Anſwer?
Is not the winding up *Witneſſes*,
And nicking, more then half the buis'neſs?
For *Witneſſes*, like *Watches*, go
Juſt as they'r ſet, too faſt or ſlow.
And where in *Conſcience*, th'are ſtreit-lac'd;
'Tis ten to one, that ſide is caſt.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cauſe*, not heard it?

And

And as they pleaſe make *Matter of Fact*
Run all on one ſide, as th'are pack't?
Nature has made Mans breaſt no *Windore*
To publiſh what he does within dores;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a man no good,
In his own buis'neſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters, do him hurt,
I think there's little reaſon for't.
He that impoſes an *Oath*, makes it,
Not he, that for convenience takes it:
Then how can any man be ſaid,
To break an *Oath* he never made?

These *Reasons* may perhaps look odly
To'th'*Wicked*, though they evince the *Godly*;
But if they will not serve to clear
My *Honor*, I am ne're the near.
Honor is like that glassy Bubble
That finds *Philosophers* such trouble,
Whose least part crackt, the whole does fly
And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Honor 's but a Word,
To swear by only, in a *Lord*:
In other men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with, instead of proof,
That like a *Wen*, looks big, and swels,
Senseless, and just nothing else.

Let

Let it (quoth he) be what it will
It has the *World*'s opinion ſtill.
But as men are not *Wiſe* that run
The ſlighteſt *hazard*, they may ſhun:
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the doubt;
And that is, if a man may do't
By *Proxy* whipt, or Subſtitute.
Though nice, and dark the *Point* appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up, and clear.
That *Sinners* may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Caſe*.
Juſtice gives *Sentence*, many times,
On one man for another's *Crimes*,

Our Brethren of *New-England* uſe
Choice *Malefactors* to excuſe,
And *hang* the *Guiltleſs* in their ſtead,
Of whom the *Churches* have leſs need.
As lately 't happen'd: In a Town,
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Uſe*,
And mend mens *lives*, as well as *ſhoos*.
This pretious *Brother* having ſlain,
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,
(Not out of *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*
Becauſe he was an *Infidel*)
The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*,

Complaining ſorely of the *Breach*
Of *Leagne*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
Againſt the *Articles* in force
Between both *Churches*, his, and ours,
For which he crav'd the *Saints*, to render
Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd,
They had no more but him 'oth' Trade,
(A man, that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity to *Teach*, and *Cobble*)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him, yet to do
The *Indian Hoghgan Moghgan* too
Impartial juſtice; in his ſtead did
Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.

Then

Then wherefore may not you be skip'd,
And in your room another *whip'd*:
For all *Philoſophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
Hold *Whipping* may be *Sympathetick*.
It is enough quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *Caſe*,
And canſt in *Conſcience*, not refuſe,
From thy own *Doctrine*, to raiſe *Uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-Conſcienc'd of thy back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy Carnal-*Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a ferking.
For when thy *Veſſel*, is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtop'd.

Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matte
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No man includes himſelf, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
As no man of his own ſelf catches,
The *Itch*, or amorous *French-aches*:
So no man does himſelf convince
By his own *Doctrine* of his *Sins*.
And though all cry down *Self*, none mea
His own ſelf in a *literal ſenſe*.
Beſide, it is not only *Foppiſh*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous*, and *Popiſh*,
For one man, out of his own Skin,
To friſk and whip another's *Sin*:

As *Pedants* out of School-boys breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Caſe it is profane,
And ſinful too, becauſe in Vain:
For we muſt take our *Oaths* upon it,
You did the *deed*, when I have done it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the *Whip*, wee'l lay it on.
Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whip'd you:
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.
Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue againſt the grain,

Or, like the *Stars*, encline men to
What they'r averſe themſelves to do.
For when *Diſputes* are wearyed out
'Tis *intereſt* ſtill reſolves the doubt;
But ſince no reaſon can confute yee,
I'l try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, how e're ye mince it,
As e're we part, I ſhall evince it;
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will, or no, your *ſtubborn Leather*.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part,
I'th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus, for a few blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an opulent *Spouſe*?

Whoſe

Whoſe *wealth*, his *Bowels* yearn to purchaſe
Meerly for th' Intereſt of the *Churches*,
And when he has it in his Claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cauſe* ;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging ;
If not, reſolve before we go,
That you and I muſt pull a Crow.
Y'had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
Say wiſely, *have a care 'oth' main chance*,
And look before you, e're you leap ;
For, as you ſow, y'are like to reap.
And were y'as good as *George a Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen ;

Nor am I doubtful of the *Iſſue*
In a juſt *Quarrel*; and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a man of *Honor*
To whip the *Saints* like *Biſhop Bonner*?
A *Knight* t' uſurp the *Beadles* office,
For which y'are like to raiſe brave *Trophees*
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear,
And for the *Churches*, which may chance
From hence, to ſpring a variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new *Scruples*
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your holy Tricks
Trapan

Trapan'd your Party with *Intregue*,
And took your *Grandees* down a peg.
New-modell'd th' *Army*, and *Caſhier'd*
All that to *Legion-SMEC* adher'd,
Made a meer Utenſill o' your *Church*,
And after left it in the lurch
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w'had done with't, pul'd it down.
Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
And ſnap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
(Grave *Synod-men*, that were rever'd
For ſolid face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Claſſique-model* prov'd a Maggot
Their *Directory* an *Indian Pagod*.

And

And drown'd their *Diſcipline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been ſo long a ſitting;
Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
Grown out of Date, and Obſolete,
And all the *Saints* 'o the firſt Graſs,
As Caſtling *Foles* of *Balams Aſs*.

At this the *Knight* grew high in Chafe,
And ſtaring furiouſly on *Raph*,
Have I (quoth he) been ta'ne in fight,
And, for ſo many *Moons* lay'n by't;
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*:
Not but they thought me worth a *Ranſom*,
Much more conſiderable, and handſom,

But for their own ſakes, and for fear,
They were not ſafe, when I was there?
Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
An upſtart *Sect'ry* and a *Mungrel*,
Such as breed out of peccant humours,
Of our own *Church*, like Wens, or Tumours:
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Would that which gave it life, devour.
It never ſhall be done, nor ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *Blade*.
And *Ralpho* too as quick, and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal readineſs prepar'd,
To draw and ſtand upon his Guard.

When

When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous *Clamour*, and a lowd one,
As if all ſorts of *Noyſe* had been
Contracted into one lowd *Din*;
Or that ſome Member to be choſen,
Had got the *odds* above a *Thouſand*;
And by the greatneſs of his noyſe
Prov'd fitteſt for his *Countryes* choice.
This ſtrange ſurpriſal put the *Knight*,
And wrathful *Squire*, into a fright,
And though they ſtood prepar'd, with fatall,
Impetuous rancour, to joyn *Battel*;
Both thought it was their wiſeſt courſe,
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horſe*;

And

And to ſecure, by ſwift retreating,
Themſelves from Danger of worſe *beating*.
Yet neither of them would diſparage
By utt'ring of his mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground
With horror and diſdain, wind-bound.
And now the cauſe of all their *fear*,
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſcern reſpective noyſe
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boyes*;
And *Kettle-Drums*, whoſe ſullen *Dub*
Sounds like the hooping of a *Tub*:
But when the ſight appear'd in view,
They found it was an *antique* Show,

A *Triumph*, that for *Pomp*, and *State*,
Did proudeſt *Romans* emulate;
For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
For foes at training overcome,
And not enlarging *Territory*,
(As ſome miſtaken write in *Story*)
Being mounted in their beſt Aray,
Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
And follow'd with a world of Tall-*Lads*,
That merry *Ditties* trol'd, and *Ballads*;
Did ride, with many a Good morrow,
Crying, *hey for our town* through the *burrough*
So when this *Triumph* drew ſo nigh,
They might particulars deſcry,

They

They never ſaw two things ſo Pat,
In all reſpects, as this, and that.
Firſt, He that led the *Cavalcate*,
Wore a Sowgelder's *Flagellate*,
On which he blew as ſtrong a *Levet*,
As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*.
Next, *Pan*, and *Kettles* of all keys,
From *Trebles* down to *double-Baſe*, ;
And after them upon a *Nag*,
That might paſs for a forehand Stag,
A *Cornet* rod, and on his Staff,
A Smock diſplay'd, did proudly wave.
Then *Bagpipes* of the lowdeſt Drones,
With ſnuffling broken winded tones;

Whoſe

Whoſe blaſts of air in pockets ſhut,
Sound filthier then from the Gut,
And make a viler noyſe then *Swine*
In windy weather, when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*
Full fraught with that, wch for good manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *Grains*
Which he diſpenc'd among the *Swains*,
And buiſily upon the Crowd,
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a Horned *Horſe*,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Guilt-ſpurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*,
He held reverſt the point turn'd downward

Next

Next after, on a Raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conqueror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* diſplaid, and Rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't
Sate *Face* to *Tayl*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warrier* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſtaff*,
Which as he rod, ſhe made him twiſt off;
And when he loyter'd, o're her ſhoulder,
Chaſtiz'd the *Reformado* Souldier.
Before the *Dame*, and round about,
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,

With *Lacquies*, *Grooms*, *Valets*, and *Pages*,
In fit and proper equipages;
Of whom, some Torches bore, some Links
Before the Proud *Virago-Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a *Don*
Like *Nero's Sporus*, or *Pope Jone*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their throats, with clamorous shout.
The *Knight* transported, and the *Squire*
Put up their Weapons, and their Ire,
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On such Sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *Animadversions*, for his Heart.

Quoth

Quoth he, In all my life till now
ne'r ſaw ſo profane a *Show*.
is a *Paganiſh* Invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:
nd he that made it, had read *Goodwine*
r *Roſs*, or *Cœlius Rodogine*,
nd has obſerv'd all fit *Decorums*,
Ve find deſcrib'd by old *Hiſtorians*.
or as a *Roman Conqueror*,
hat put an end to forrain *War*,
nt'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
ore a Slave with him, in his Chariot:
o this inſulting *Female Brave*,
arries behind her here, a *Slave*,

And as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in field defi'd the foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guer* ;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here,
Waves, on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for a *Banner* :
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still borne before the *Emperor* :
And as in *Antique Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were borne for myſtical intregues ;
There 's one in Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, freſh or adle ;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.

Quo

Quoth *Ralpho*, you miſtake the matter;
For, all th' *Antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of Courſe,
When the *Grey Mare's the better Horſe.*
When o're the Breeches greedy *Women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *Dominion*,
And in the cauſe Impatient *Grizel*
Has drub'd her Husband, with *Bulls pizzel*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vaſſail* with a *Murrain*;
When *Wives* their Sexes ſhift, like *Hares*,
And ride their *Husbands*, like *Night-mares*,
And they in mortal *Battle* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *Charter* diſ-enfranchiz'd,

And by the Right of *War* like *Gills*
Condemn'd to *Diſtaff*, *Horns*, and *Wheels*
For when Men by their *Wives* are Cow'd,
Their *Horns* of courſe are underſtood.

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt ſentence
Impertinently, and againſt ſenſe.
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event;
Nor, to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a *man* the worſe,
Although his ſhoulders, with *batoon*,
Be claw'd and cudgeld to ſome tune:
A *Taylers* Prentiſe has no hard
Meaſure, that 's bang'd with a true yard

But to turn *Tayl*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day;
Or to ſurrender e're the *Aſſault*,
That 's no mans fortune but his fault:
And renders men of *Honor* leſs,
Then all th' *Adverſity* of Succeſs.
And only unto ſuch, this Shew
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.
There is a leſſer *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*.
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conqueſt*, purchas'd without bloud,
So men decree thoſe leſſer Shows,
For *Vict'ry* gotten without Blows.

By dint of ſharp hard *words*, which ſome
Give *Battle* with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-ſtool*,
March proudly to the River's ſide,
And o're the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride.
Like *Dukes* of *Venice*, who are ſed
The *Adriatique Sea* to wed,
And have a Gentler *Wife*, then thoſe,
For whom the *State* decrees thoſe Shows.
But both are *Heatheniſh*, and come
From th' Whores of *Babylon* and *Rome*,
And by the *Saints* ſhould be withſtood,
As *Antichriſtian* and *Lewd*,

And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt *ſtruglings* to prohibite.
This ſaid, They both advanc'd and *rod*,
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the *Leader*, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach'd him *breaſt*, to *breaſt*.
Then *Hudibras* with face, and hand,
Made ſigns for *Silence*, which obtain'd:
What means (quoth he) this dev'ls *proceſſion*
With men of *Orthodox* Profeſſion?
'Tis *Ethnique* and *Idolatrous*,
From *heatheniſm* deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of *Babylon* ride
Upon her *Horned-Beaſt* aſtride,

Like

Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of Superſtitious *function*,
Fit to be us'd in *Goſpel Sunſhine*?
It is an *Antichriſtian Opera*,
Much us'd in midnight-times of *Popery*,
A running after ſelf-Inventions
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*,
To ſcandalize that *Sex*, for ſcoulding,
To whom the *Saints* are ſo beholding,
Women, that were our firſt *Apoſtles*,
Without whoſe aid w'had all been loſt elſe,
Women, that left no ſtone unturn'd,
In which the *Cauſe* might be concern'd:

Brought

Brought in their childrens *ſpoons*, & *whiſtles*,
To purchaſe *Swords*, *Carbines* and *Piſtols* :
Their Husbands *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Churches* Parts,
Drew ſeveral guifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Biſhops* would have been,
And fixt 'em conſtant to the *Party*,
With motives *powerful*, and *hearty* :
Their Husbands rob'd and made hard ſhifts,
T'adminiſter unto their *Guifts*,
All they could rap and run and pilfer,
To ſcraps, and ends of Gold and Silver ;
Rub'd down the *Teachers*, tyr'd and ſpent,
With holding forth for *Parliament*,

Pamper'd

Pamper'd and edifi'd their *Zeal*,
With *Marrow-puddings*, many a meal
Enabled them, with ſtore of meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat.
And cram'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake
With *Cawdle*, *Cuſtard*, and *Plum-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cauſe* at *London*?
March'd, rank and file, with *Drum* & *Enſign*,
T' entrench the *City*, for defence in;
Rais'd *Rampiers*, with their own ſoft hands,
To put the enemy to ſtands;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyſter-wenches*,
Labour'd like *Pioners* in *Trenches*,

Falne

Falne to their *Pick-axes*, and *Tools*,
And help'd the men to dig like *moles*?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*,
Choſen of their members a *Committee*?
For rayſing of a *Common-Purſe*?
Out of their wages to raiſe *Horſe*?
And do not they as *Tryers* ſit,
To judg what *Officers* are fit?
Have they—? At that an *Egg*, let fly,
Hit him directly o're the eye,
And running down his Cheek, beſmear'd
With Orenge-Tawny-ſlime, his *Beard*;
But *Beard*, and ſlime being of one Hue,
The *wound* the leſs appear'd in view.

Then

Then he that on the *Panniers* rod,
Let fly on th' other ſide a load;
And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s face, another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was ſtartled with the ſmell,
And for his *ſword* began to feel:
And *Ralpho* ſmoother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,
'Oth' ſudden, clap'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *linſtock* to the Horſe's *touch-hole*;
And ſtreight another with his *Flambeux*
Gave *Ralpho*'s, o're the eys, a damn'd blow,
The *Beaſts* began to kick, and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.

Through

Through wch, they quickly broke their way
And brought them off, from further fray;
And though diſorderd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his ſeat:
For quitting both their *ſwords*, and *rains*,
They graſp'd with al their ſtrength the *manes*;
And to avoyd the *Foe's* purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattle to 't,
And till all four were out of wind,
And danger too, ne'r look'd behind.
After th' had paws'd awhile, ſupplying
Their *Spirits*, ſpent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force,
Of Lungs, for *Action*, or *diſcourſe*:

Quoth

Quoth he, that man is ſure to loſe,
That fowls his *hands* with durty foes:
For where no *honor*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do,
With ſo diſhonorable a Foe:
For though the *Law of Arms* does bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in *War*,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noyſom,
Their *Caſe-ſhot* ſavours ſtrong of *Poyſon*;
And doubtleſs have been chew'd with teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh.

But as thoſe *Pultroons* that fling Durt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honor* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.
'Twas well we made ſo reſolute
A brave Retreat, to avoyd Purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped,
Much worſe to be in Triumph led;
Than which the *Ancients* held no ſtate
Of Man's life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e're
Do chance to reach the *Widdows* ear,
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *Sexe's honor*, reach her Heart:

And as ſuch homely treats (they ſay)
Portend good *fortune*, ſo this may.
Then let us ſtreight, to cleanſe our wounds
Advance in queſt of neareſt *Ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I 've perform'd what ſhe *enjoyn'd*.

CANTO *III.*

THE ARGUMENT.

The Knight *with various doubts poſſeſt*
To win the Lady, goes in Queſt
To Sidrophel *the* Roſy-crucian,
To know the Deſt'nies reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick
About the Science Aſtrologick.
Till falling from Diſpute, to Fight
The Conjurer *'s worſted by the Knight.*

CANTO III.

DOubtleſs, The pleaſure is as great,
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*.

As lookers-on feel moſt delight,
That leaſt perceive a *Juglers* ſlight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his ſlight of hand.
Some with a noyſe, and greaſie light,
Are ſnapt, as men catch *Larks* by night;
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As noozes by the *Legs* catch *Foul*.
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receit*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle hair pull'd out.
Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*;
So ſweet as *Lawyers* in his *Bar-gown*.

Until, with ſubtle Cobweb-Cheats,
Th'are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir the more th'are tangled;
And while their *Purſes* can diſpute,
There's no end of th' immortal Suit.
Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-deſigns of *Fate*,
Run after *Wiſards* to foreſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be.
And, as thoſe *Vultors* do foreboad,
Believe events prove *bad*, or *good*.
A flamm more ſenſleſs then the Roguery
Of old *Aruſpicy* and *Augury*.

That out of *Garbages* of *Cattle*,
Presag'd th' events of *Truce*, or *Battle*,
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,
Success of great'st *Attempts* would reckon,
Though *cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Then those that with the *Stars* do fribble;
This *Hudibras* by proof, found true,
As in due time, and place wee'l shew.
For He, with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
Being mounted on his *Steed* agen,
(And *Ralpho* got a Cock-horse too
Upon his *Beast*, with much adoe)
Advanc'd on for the *Widdows* House,
T' acquit himself, and pay his *Vows*;

When

When various *thoughts* began to buſtle,
And with his inward man to juſtle.
He thought what *danger* might accrue,
If ſhe ſhould find he *ſwore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire*, or he ſhould fail,
And not be punctual in their *Tale*;
It might at once the ruine prove
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if He ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*;
And that he durſt not now for ſhame
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *thought*,
To paſs *time*, and uneaſie *trot*.

Quoth he, In all my paſt *Adventures*,
I ne'r was ſet ſo on the Tenters,
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*
That, ev'ry way I turn, does hem me;
And with inextricable doubt,
Beſets my puzzeld *Wits* about:
For though the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Jail*:
Yet as a *Dog* committed cloſe
For ſome offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his Chain.
So though my *Ancle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.

And

And like a *Bayl'd* and *Mainpriz'd Lover*,
Although at large, I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *Court*,
To plead my *Cauſe*, and anſwer for 't,
Unleſs the *Judg* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?
For, if in our accompt we vary,
Or but in *Circumſtance* miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict proof,
And make me pull my *Dublet* off
To ſhew by evident Record,
Writ on my skin, I 've kept my word;
How can I e're expect to have her,
Having demur'd unto her favour?

But

But *Faith*, and *Love*, and *Honour* loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight oth' Poſt*:
Beſide, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I 'm to prove by *Argument*;
And juſtifie I have a *Tayle*,
And that way too, my *proof* may faile.
O that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;
Or find by *Necromantick* art,
How farr the *Deſt'nies* take my part;
For if I were not more then certain,
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'de go no further in this *Courtſhip*,
To hazzard *Soul*, *Eſtate*, and *Worſhip*.

For

For though an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any *thing* is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *ſinful*, when men *ſwear* in *Vain*.
Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth (dwell
A cunning man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Deſtinies* dark *Counſels*,
And ſage *Opinions* of the *Moon* ſells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep importances repair.
When *Braſs* and *Pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *Linnen* ſlinks out of the way;
When *Geeſe*, and *Pullen* are ſeduc'd,
And *Sows* of ſucking *Pigs* are chews'd;

When

When *Cattle* feel Indiſpoſition,
And need th' opinion of *Phyſitian*;
When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs*, or *Sheep*,
And *Chicken* languiſh of the *Pip*;
When *Yeaſt* and outward means do fail,
And have no pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When Butter does refuſe to come,
And *Love* proves *Croſs* and *Humourſom*:
To him with *Queſtions*, and with *Urine*,
They for diſcov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well,
If thou canſt prove, the *Saints* have freedom,
To go to *Sorc'rers* when they need 'em.

Says

Says *Ralpho*, There 's no doubt of that:
Thoſe *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alleadge
For any thing their *Priviledge*;
And to the Dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have *motives* thereunto.
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
If they, by ſubtle Stratagem,
Make uſe of *him*, as he does *them*.
Has not this preſent *Parliament*
A *Ledger* to the *Devil* ſent,
Fully impowr'd to treat about
Finding revolted *Witches* out?

And has not he with in a year,
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one *Shire* ?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And ſome for ſitting above ground,
VVhole *days* and *nights*, upon their breeches
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
And ſome, for putting *Knaviſh* tricks
Upon *Green-Geeſe*, and *Turkey-Chicks*,
Or *Pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt,
Of griefs unnatural, as he gueſt ;
VVho after prov'd himſelf a *Witch*,
And made a *Rod* for his own *breech*.
Did not the Dev'l appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain ;

And

And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
At *Antwerp*, their *Cathedral* Church?
Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*?
And ſpeak 'i th' *Nun* at *Londons* Belly?
Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
At *Woodſtock*, on a Pars'nal Treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *Cavallier*
'Ith' *Cauſe's* ſervice, *Priſoner*?
As *Withers* in Immortal Rime
Has regiſterd, to after-time?

Do

Do not our great *Reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to foreboad *News* ?
To write of *Victories* next year,
And *Caſtles* taken yet in th' *Air* !
Of Battles fought at *Sea*, and Ships
Sunk, two years hence, the laſt Eclips ?
A Total Overthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwal*, *Horſe* and *Foot*, next Spring?
And has not he point-blanck foretold
Whats'ere the cloſe *Committee* would ?
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cauſe*,
The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws* ?
The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare ?
Againſt the Book of *Common-Pray'r* ?

The *Scorpion* take the *Proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*?
Made all the *Royall Stars* recant,
Compound, and take the *Covenant*?
Quoth *Hudibras*, The caſe is cleer,
The *Saints* may 'mploy a *Conjurer*;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *practice*.
No *Argument* like matter of fact is,
And we are beſt of all led to
Mens *Principles*, by what they do.
Then let us ſtreit advance in queſt
Of this Profound *Gymnoſophiſt*:
And as the *Fates*, and *He* adviſe,
Purſue, or wave this *Enterpriſe*:

This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' adventure rid.
Where, leave we *Him* and *Ralph* awhile,
And to the *Conjurer* turn our ſtile:
To let our *Reader* underſtand
What 's uſeful of him, before hand.

He had been long t' wards *Mathematicks*
Opticks, *Philoſophy*, and *Statick*s,
Magick, *Horoſcopie*, *Aſtrologie*,
And was *old Dog* at *Phyſiologie*:
But, as a *Dog* that turns the ſpit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plys his feet,
To clime the *Wheel*; but all in vain,
His own weight brings him down again:

And

And ſtill he's in the ſelf ſame place,
Where at his ſetting out he was.
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*,
Did he advance his nat'rall Parts;
Till falling back ſtill, for retreat,
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*;
For, as thoſe *Fowls* that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
What ere he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear.
Yet none a deeper knowledg boaſted,
Since old *Hodg Bacon*, and *Bob Groſted*.
Th' *Intelligible world* he knew,
And all, men dream on't, to be true:

That in this *World*, there's not a *Wart*,
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the *face* of Ground,
An Individuall *Beard* be found,
That has not, in that Forrain *Nation*,
A fellow of the ſelf-ſame faſhion;
So *cut*, ſo *colour'd*, and ſo *curl'd*,
As thoſe are, in th' *Inferior World*.
H' had read *Dee's* Prefaces before
The *Dev'l*, and *Euclide* o're and o're.
And, all th' *Intregues*, 'twixt him and *Kelly*,
Leſcus and th' *Emperor*, would tell yee.
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Then e're was *Almanack-well-willer*.

Her

Her Secrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there.
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt mood,
For cutting *Corns* or letting *blood*,
When for anoynting *Scabs* or *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows*, and *Bitches* may be ſpade,
And in what Sign beſt *Sider*'s made,
VVhether the *Wane* be, or *Increaſe*,
Beſt to ſett *Garlick*, or ſow *Peaſe*.
Who firſt found out the *Man 'ith' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*:

Their *Aiery Empire* and Command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by Sea and Land;
What factions th' have, & what they drive at
In publique Vogue, and what in private;
With what deſigns and Intereſts,
Each Party manages Conteſts.
He made an *Inſtrument* to know
If the *Moon* ſhine at full, or no,
That would as ſoon as e're ſhe ſhon, ſtreit
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *D'ameter* t' an inch is,
And prove ſhe is not made of *Green Cheeſe.*
It would demonſtrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean.*

And

And that it is no *Dog*, nor *Bitch*,
That ſtands behind him at his breech;
But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *Lake*,
With *Arms* which men for *Legs* miſtake.
How large a *Gulph* his Tayl compoſes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Noſe is;
How many *German* leagues by' th' ſcale,
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tayl*:
He made a *Planetary Gin*
Which *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come of purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' expence of Cheeſe or Bacon;
With *Lute-ſtrings* he would counterfeit
Maggots, that crawl on diſh of meat,

Quote Moles and Spots, on any place
'Oth' body, by the *Index-face*:
Detect loſt *Maidenheads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind, of *Dames*, or piſſing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of Med'cines, to th' *Imagination*.
Fright *Agues* into Dogs, and ſcare
With *Rimes*, the *Tooth-ach* and *Catarrh*.
Chaſe evil *ſpirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle*, *Horſe-ſhoo*, *Hollow-flint*.
Spit fire out of a *Walnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel.
And fire a Mine in *China*, here
With Sympathetick *Gunpowder*.

He

He knew whatſ'ever's to be known,
But much more then he knew, would own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Could make a man with, as he tells us.
What figur'd *Slats* are beſt to make,
On wat'ry ſurface, *Duck* or *Drake*.
What *Bowling-ſtones*, in running race
Upon a *Board*, have ſwifteſt pace.
Whether a *Pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt, of a Dappled *Louſe*'s back:
If *Syſtole* or *Diaſtole* move
Quickeſt, when hee's in wrath, or love;
When two of them do run a race,
Whether they *gallop*, *trot*, or *pace*.

How

How many ſcores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own length, from head to rump;
Which *Socrates*, and *Chærephon*
In vain, affaid ſo long agon;
Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Noſe* is,
And not an Elephants *Proboſcis*,
How many different *Specieſes*
Of Maggots breed in Rotten Cheeſe,
And which are next of kin to thoſe,
Engendred in a *Chaundler's* noſe.
Of thoſe not ſeen, but underſtood,
That live in *Vineger* and *Wood*,
A paultry Wretch he had, half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd;

Hight

Hight *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *wine*, but more unwholſom *Law*:
To make 'twixt words and lines, huge gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat men of their words, ſome think;
From this, by merited degrees,
He to more high Advancement riſe:
To be an Under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journey-man *Aſtrologer*:
His bus'neſs was to pump and whedle,
And men, with their own keys, unriddle.
To make them to themſelves give anſwers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.

To

To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence
And all *Diſcoveries* diſperſe,
Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers*;
What *Cutpurſes* have left with them,
For the right owners to redeem;
And, what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain Themſelves, and th' *Art*, repute.
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoſcopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* Shops.
Of Thieves *aſcendent* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by rules of *Art*.
Which way a Serving-man, that's run
With Cloaths or Money away, is gone:

With

VVho pick'd a *Fob*, at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch*, for half the worth,
May be redeem'd; or Stollen Plate
Reſtor'd, at Conſcionable rate.
Beſide all this, He ſerv'd his *Maſter*,
In quality of *Poetaſter*:
And *Rimes* appropriate could make,
To ev'ry month, in th' *Almanack*,
VVhen *Termes* begin, and end, could tell,
VVith their *Returns*, in *Doggerel*.
VVhen the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *Sowgelder* with ſafety cuts.
VVhen men may eat, and drink, their fill,
And when be temp'rate, if they will.

VVhen

When uſe, and when abſtain from vice,
Figgs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.
And as in *Priſons*, mean Rogues beat
Hemp, for the ſervice of the *Great*;
So *Whachum* beat his durty brains,
T' advance his Maſter's fame and gains;
And, like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Dogrel-Rimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry Month 's blank-page
In th' *Almanack*, ſtrange *Bilks* preſage.
He would an *Elegie* compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In *Lyrick* numbers, write an *Ode* on
His Miſtreſs, eating a Black-pudden:

And

And when impriſon'd Aire eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with *Poetick Rapture*,
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd Mortal trol'd aloud,
That, circled with his long ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beaſts,
A *Carman's* Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *Poetry*;
No Porter's *Burthen* paſt along,
But ſerv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Windore like a *Pill'ry* appears,
With heads thruſt through, nail'd by the ears
All Trades run in as to the ſight
Of Monſters, or their dear delight;

The

The *Gallow-tree*, when cutting Purſe,
Breeds buſ'neſs for *Heroick* Verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T'have been the *Theme* of ſuch a *Song*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *Manſion* prudently contriv'd;
VVhere neither Tree, nor Houſe could bar
The free detection of a *Star*;
And nigh an *Antient Obelisk*
VVas rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written, not in words,
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Aſtrologick* Learning:

From

From top of this there hung a *rope*,
To which he faſtned *Teleſcope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in ſmalleſt *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy*, one night,
Did fly his *Tarſel* of a *Kite*,
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd *Hauk* that flies,
That like a *Bird* of *Paradiſe*,
Or *Heraulds* Martlet, has no *legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs*;
His *Train* was ſix yards long, milk-white,
At th' end of which, there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.

This, *Sidrophel* by chance eſpi'd,
And with Amazement ſtaring wide,
Bleſs us, quoth he! What dreadful wonder
Is that, appears in *heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*?
Or *Star*, that ne'r before appear'd?
I'm certain, 'tis not in the *Scrowl*,
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
VVith which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The Learned ſtock the *Conſtellations*;
Nor thoſe that drawn for *Signs* have bin,
To th' *Houſes*, where the *Planets* Inn.
It muſt be ſupernaturall,
Unleſs it be the Cannon-Ball,

That

That, ſhot in th' aire, point-blank, upright,
VVas borne to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philoſophers* maintain,
It ne'r came backwards, down again;
But in the *Aery region* yet,
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*.
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earths* round bulk is made,
'Tis probable, it may from far,
Appear no Bullet but a Star.
This ſaid, He to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand, in open view,
And rais'd it, till it level'd right,
Againſt the *Glow-worm* Tayl of *Kite*.

Then peeping through, (*Bleſs* us! quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I ſee;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-Stopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*; ye's, 'tis clear,
'Tis *Saturn*, But what makes he there?
He's got between the *Dragons* Tayl,
And further leg behind, 'oth' *Whale*;
Pray *Heaven*, divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigie* not common,
And can no leſs then the *World's* end,
Or *Natures* funeral portend.
With that, He fell again to pry,
Through *Perſpective*, more wiſtfully,

When

When by miſchance, the fatal ſtring
That kept the *Tow'ring Fowl* on wing,
Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H'had level'd at a Star, and hit it:
But *Sidrophel* more ſubtle-witted,
Cry'd out, What horrible and fearful,
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall;
It threatens *Nature*, and the doom
Will not be long, before it come.
When Stars do fall, 'tis plain enough,
The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by *Magick*.

Then, ſince the time we have to live,
In this *world's* ſhortned, Let us ſtrive,
To make our beſt advantage of it,
And pay our loſſes with our profit.

This Feat fell out, not long before
The *Knight* upon the forenam'd ſcore,
In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
VVas now in proſpect of the *Manſion:*
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his *Glaſs*,
And found far off, 'twas *Hudibras*.
Whachum (quoth he) look yonder; ſome
To try, or uſe our Art, are come:
The one 's the Learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em, what they come about.

Whachum

Whachum advanc'd, with all ſubmiſneſs,
T' accoſt 'em, but much more, their bus'neſs.
He held the Stirrup, while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-bones* did alight,
And taking from his hand, the Bridle,
Approach'd, the dark *Squire* to unriddle,
He gave him firſt the time 'oth' day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay*:
He ask'd him whence they came, & whither
Their bus'neſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not loſe—? Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your *way*,
Your *Knight*—Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover*,
And pains intolerable doth ſuffer,

For *Lovers* hearts are not their own hearts,
Nor lights, nor lungs, & so forth downwards.
What time—Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir too long,
Three years it off and on, has hung—
Quoth He, I meant what time 'oth' day 'tis.
Quoth *Ralpho*, between seven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my smal *Art*,
Tells me, the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Estate*—Quoth *Ralph*, a *Joynter*,
Which makes him have so hot a mind t' her.
Mean while the *Knight* was making water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the *Wizard* steps in,
To give him suitable Reception;

But kept his bus'neſs at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way.
Who having now by *Ralpho*'s light,
Expounded th' Errand of the *Knight*,
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *Conj'rers* ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was 't
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe *Gentlemen* arriv'd?
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriv'd,
In oppoſition with *Mars*,
And no benigne friendly Stars
T' allay th' effect. Quoth *Wizard*, So!
In *Virgo*? Ha! quoth *Whachum*, No.

Has

Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.
'Tis well quoth he—Sir you 'l excuſe
This Rudeneſs, I am forc'd to uſe,
It is a *Scheme*, and *face* of *Heaven*
As th' *Aſpects* are diſpos'd, this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon,
When you arriv'd: but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coming here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations*, which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
'Tis fit that I ask your Excuſe.

By

By no means Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel:
I did expect you here, and knew,
Before you ſpake, your bus'neſs too.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe're
You tell me after, on your word,
How e're unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widdow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you;
And for three years has rid your *Wit*
And *Paſſion* without drawing *Bit*:
And now your bus'neſs is, to know
If you ſhall carry her, or no.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, you'r in the right,
But how the *Devil* you come by 't,
I can't imagine; for the *Stars*
I'm ſure, can tell no more then a *Horſe*,
Nor can their *Aſpects* (though you pore
Your eys out on 'em) tell you more
Then th' *Oracle* of *Sive* and *Sheers*,
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*.
But if the *Devil*'s of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*,
And 'tis on his Accompt I come,
To know from you my fatal Doom.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,

I might ſuſpect, and take the *Alarm*,
Your Bus'neſs is, but to enform,
But if it be; 'tis ne'r the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the ear*,
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules* of *Art*,
Such as are lawful, and judg by
Concluſions of *Aſtrology*:
But for the *Devil*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.
Quoth he, What ever others deem yee
I underſtand your *Metonymie*;
Your words of ſecond hand intention,
When things by wrongful names you men-(tion,

The

The Myſtick ſenſe of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is, down-right *Conjuring*:
And in it 's ſelf more warrantable,
Then *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,
Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by confederacy are done.
Your Ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,
And to their *Incantations* ſtoop,
They ſcorn'd to pore through *Teleſcope*,
Or idly play at bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy, or fair weather,

Which

Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
Perhaps, as learnedly, and well,
As you your ſelf—Then friend I doubt
You go the furtheſt way about.
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a hole in th' earth to piſs in,
And ſtreit reſolves all Queſtions by 't,
And ſeldom fails to be 'ith' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* way 's more ſure,
To bring the Devil to the Lure,
Each of 'em has a ſev'ral Gin,
To catch *Intelligences* in.
Some by the *Noſe* with fumes trapan 'em,
As *Dunſtan* did the *Devil* 's *Grannum*.

Others

Others with *Characters* and *Words*,
Catch 'em as men in *Nets* do *Birds*.
And some with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary* nicks.
With their own influences, will fetch 'em,
Down from their Orbs, arrest and catch 'em;
Make 'em depose, and answer to
All *Questions*, e're they let them go.
Bumbastus, kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of past, and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The Devil's *Looking-glass*, a *Stone*.

Where

VVhere playing with him at *Bo-peep*
He ſolv'd all *Problems* ne'r ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian-Pug*,
I'th' garb and habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*; and the *Curr*
Read to th' Occult *Philoſopher*,
And taught him ſubtly to maintain
All other *Sciences are vain.*
To this, quoth *Sidrophello*, Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behman*;
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæmon*,
But a true Dog, that would ſhew tricks,
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o're ſticks;

Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Then other *Dogs*, but yet no Devil;
And whatſoe'r he's ſayd to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſie-croſs Philoſophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorcerers*;
What they pretend to, is no more,
Then *Triſmegiſtus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Appollonius* their Maſter;
To whom they do confeſs they owe,
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas VVhat is 't to us,
Whether 't were ſayd by *Triſmegiſtus*:

If

If it be *nonſenſe*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*.
'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*,
That makes *truth truth*, altho *time's daughter*;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pul'd her out of it.
And as he eats his *Sons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too.
Nor do's it follow, cauſe a *Herauld*
Can make a *Gentleman*, ſcarce a year old,
To be deſcended of a Race,
Of ancient *Kings* in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhould all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of prudence, to cry down an *Art*;
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not Why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole *Art* for *Excentrick*.)
For who knows all that knowledg contains?
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,
But on their ſides, or riſing's ſeat;
So 'tis with knowledge's vaſt height.
Do not the Hiſt'ries of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous preſages,
Of ſtrange turns, in the *World's* affairs,
Foreſeen b' *Aſtrologers*, *Southſayers*,

Chaldeans

Chaldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *Almanacks* ?
The *Median* Emp'rour dreamt, his Daughter
Had piſt all *Aſia* under water,
And that a *Vine*, ſprung from her *hanches*,
O'reſpread his *Empire*, with its branches ;
And did not *Southſayers* expound it,
As after by th' event he found it ?
VVhen *Cæſar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And in reſentment of his ſlaughter,
Look'd pale, for almoſt a year after ?
Auguſtus having, b' overſight,
Put on his *left*-ſhoo, 'fore the *right*,

Had like to have been ſlain that day,
By *Souldiers* mutining for pay.
Are there not myriads of this ſort,
Which Stories of all times report?
Is it not ominous in all *Countrys*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon trees?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was ſeen,
Did cauſe their *Clergy* with *Luſtrations*
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigie* t' avert
From doing *Town* or *Countrey* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have ſo much pow'r,
Why ſhould not *Planets* have much more?

That

That in a *Region*, far above
Inferior fowls of the *Air*, move,
And ſhould ſee further, and fore-know,
More then their *Augury* below,
Though that once ſerv'd the *Politie*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to underſtand.
Which how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can ſpeak th' *Events* of our Preſages.
Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?
Diſcover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compaſs?

Made Mountains, with our *Tubes*, appear
And Cattle grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a *Teleſcope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry
VVhere you tell truth, and where you lie.
For *Anaxagoras*, long agon,
Saw *Hills*, as well as you i' th' *Moon*;
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot-Ir'n*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
Becauſe the *Sun* had voyded one;
And, rather then he would recant
Th' *Opinion*, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.

But

But what, alas, is it to us,
VVhether in the *Moon*, men thus, or thus,
Do eat their *Porredg*, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tayls or Horns?
What *Trade* from thence can you advance
But what we nearer have from *France*?
What can our *Travellers* bring home
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or ſtrange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here Commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?

Are

Are ſweating *Lant-horns*, or Screen-*Fans*
Made better there, then th' are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
O' th' *Gittarr* there, a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there, that ſhall fit
The *Publick Humour*, with leſs *Wit*?
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i'th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Perewig*,
Shew in his gate, or face, more tricks
Then our own *Native Lunaticks*?
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What good of your deſign can come?

As

As *wind* in th' *Hypocondries* pent
Is but a blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upwards chance to fly
Becoms new *Light* and *Prophecy*:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful end,
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*
And ſavour ſtrongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral cauſe,
Why on a *Sign*, no *Painter* draws
The *Full-Moon* ever, but the *Half*,
Reſolve that with your *Jacobs-ſtaff*;

Or

Or why *Wolves* raiſe a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howle when ſhe ſhines in water;
And I ſhall freely give my *Vote*,
You may know ſomething more remote.
At this deep *Sidrophel* look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with *Owl-like* eys:
He put his face into a poſture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluſter,
For having three times ſhook his Head
To ſtir his wit up, thus he ſaid.
Art has no mortal enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geeſe*;
Thoſe Conſecrated Geeſe in Orders,
That to the *Capitol* were *Warders*:

And being then upon *Petrol*
With noyſe alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or thoſe *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any *Science* underſtand,
Beyond the reach of eye, or hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledg, hold, Nothing's to be known.
Thoſe wholeſale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-Houſes*, cry down all *Philoſophy*.
And will not know, upon what ground
In Nature, we our *doctrine* found;
Although with pregnant evidence,
VVe can demonſtrate it to ſence.

As

As I juſt now have done to you,
Fore-telling what you came to know.
Were the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* ſolacing behind Dores?
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under Hedges?
Or VVitches *Simpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* ſnippets?
Or from the *Pillory* tips of ears
Of Rebel-Saints, and Perjurers?
Only to ſtand by and look on,
But not know what is ſaid, or done?

Is

Is there a *Conſtellation* there,
That was not born, and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
VVere they not, during all their lives,
Moſt of 'em Pirates, VVhores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old *Practiſes* ſome skill?
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *Houſe* from *Earth*?
And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been, done below?
VVho made the *Ballance*; or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion*, and the *Ram*?

Did

Did not we here, the *Argo* rigg
Make *Berenice's Periwig?*
VVhoſe *Liv'ry* does the *Coach-man* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopæa's* Chair?
And therefore, as they came from hence,
VVith us may hold *Intelligence.*
Plato deny'd, The *World* can be
Govern'd without *Geometree,*
(For money b'ing the common Scale
Of things by meaſure, weight, and tale;
In all th' affairs of *Church* and *State,*
'Tis both the *Ballance* and the *Weight*:)
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine *Aſtrology* made out,

That

That puts the other down in worth,
As far as *Heaven*'s above *Earth*.
These reasons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are something more significant
Then any that the *Learned* use,
Upon this *subject* to produce;
And yet, th' are far from satisfactory
T' establish, and keep up your *Factory*.
The *Ægyptians* say, The *Sun* has twice
Shifted his *setting*, and his *rise*;
Twice has he risen in the *West*,
As many times, sett in the *East*;
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.

Some hold, the *Heavens* like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And 't were not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the ground:
As ſage *Empedocles* of old,
And from him *Modern* Authors hold.
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, ſome *Venus* ſeat
Above the *Sun* himſelf in height.
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainſt what *Copernicus* maintain'd,
About the *Suns* and *Earths* approach;
And ſwore, that he, that dar'd to broach

Such

Such paultry *Fopperies* abroad,
Deserv'd to have his *Rump* well claw'd,
Which *Mounsier Bodin* hearing, swore,
That he deserv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durst upon a *truth* give doom,
He knew no more then th' *Pope of Rome*.
Cardan believ'd, Great States depend
Upon the tip o'th' *Bears* Tayls end;
That as she whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd Mighty *Empires* up and down;
Which others say must needs be false,
Because your true *Bears* have no Tayls.
Some say, The Stars ith' *Zodiack*,
Are more then a whole *Signe* gone back,

Since *Ptolomy*; and prove the ſame,
In *Taurus* now, then in the *Ram*;
Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Firy* rang'd;
Then how can their *effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Southſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more lies,
In *Figures* and *Nativities*,
Then th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand years;
Beſide their Nonſence in tranſlating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*.

Like

Like *Idus* and *Calendæ* Engliſht
The *Quarter-days*, by skilful Linguiſt.
And yet with *Canting*, *ſlight*, and *cheat*
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the feat;
Make Fools believe in their fore-ſeeing
Of things, before they are in Being;
To ſwallow *Gudgeons*, e're th' are chatch'd,
And count their *Chickens*, e're th'are hatch'd,
Make them the *Conſtellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own accompt:
But ſtill the Beſt to him that gives,
The beſt price for 't, or beſt believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, ſome for brevity,
Have caſt the Verſal World's *Nativity*;

And made the Infant-Stars confeſs,
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe:
Some calculate the hidden fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-dogs*, and *Cats*,
Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting-Cocks*;
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-ſuits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a meaſure of the lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives,
Make *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*;
Tell who is barren, and who fertile.
As if the *Planet's* firſt aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In *Soul*, and *Body*, and inſtill
All future good, and future ill:

Which

Which, in their dark fatalities lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;
And break out like the hidden ſeeds
Of long diſeaſes into deeds,
In Friendſhips, enmities, and ſtrife,
And all th' emergencies of Life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes, took all *Phyſick*,
That cures, or kills a man that is Sick;
Marri'd his punctual doſe of Wives,
Is Cookolded, and Breaks, or Thrives.
There 's but the twinckling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,

A *Thief* and *Juſtice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*,
A crafty-*Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philoſopher* and a *Block-head*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A Learn'd *Phyſitian* and *Man-ſlayer*.
As if men from the Stars did ſuck
Old-age, *Diſeaſes*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps* and *Dice*,
And draw with the firſt Air they breathe,
Battle, and *Murther*, *ſudden Death*.
Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies?

And

And vended here among the Rabble,
For ſtaple goods, and warrantable?
Like money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In th' other *World* to be reſtor'd.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, to let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artiſts* too:
Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *Principles* oppoſe;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonſtrate to your ſenſe once more,
And draw a *Figure* that ſhall tell you
What you perhaps forget, befel you;
By way of *Horary* inſpection,
Which ſome accompt our worſt erection.

With

With that, He *Circles* draws, and *Squares*
With *Cyphers*, *Aſtrall Characters*;
Then looks 'em o're, to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down *Hab-nab*, at random.
Quoth He! This *Scheme* of th' Heavens ſet
Diſcovers how in fight you met
At *Kingſton* with a *May-pole Idol*,
And that y' were bang'd, both back and ſide (wel
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat You at *Brentford Fair*;
Where ſturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive,
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave,

That

That *Paultry ſtory* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch *Gulls* as you.
Not true, quoth he? how e're you vapour,
I can, what I affirm, make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtifie 't t' your face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the *Saltinbanco*'s part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art.*
He ſtole your Cloke, and pick'd your pocket,
Chews'd, and Caldes'd ye like a Block-head:
And what you loſt, I can produce
If you deny it, here i' th' Houſe.
Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe,
That Argument 's *Demonſtrative*;

Ralpho

Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A *Cunſtable* to ſeize the Wretches:
For though th' are both falſe *Knaves*, and *Cheats*,
Impoſtors, *Juglers*, *Counterfets*,
I 'l make them ſerve for perpendiculars,
As true, as e're were us'd by *Brick-layers*,
They 're *guilty*, by their own Confeſſions,
Of *Felony*; and at the *Seſſions*
Upon the *Bench*, I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*
Shall make all *Taylers* yards, of one
Unanimous Opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by proof.

Quoth

Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt,
To find Friends, that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, so long on the *State's* part,
To be expos'd in th' end to suffer,
By such a *Braggadochio* Huffer.
Huffer, quoth *Hudibras*? This *Sword*
Shall down thy false throat, Cram that word,
Ralpho, make haste, and call an Officer
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophister;
Mean while I 'l hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Left He and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aspect*
Of *Hudibras*, did now erect

A *Figure* worſe portending far,
Then that of moſt malignant Star:
Believ'd it now the fitteſt moment,
To ſhun the danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This being reſolv'd, He ſpi'd by chance,
Behind the Dore, an Iron-Lance,
That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loyns, and ſhoulders bor'd.
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his way through *Hudibras*.
Whachum had got a Fier-fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work.

But

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard.
He put by *Sidrophello's* thruſt
And in, right manfully, he ruſht,
The Weapon from his gripe he wrung,
And lay'd him on the earth along.
Whachum his ſeacole-Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his back to fly.
But *Hudibras* gave him a twitch
As quick as Lightning, in the Breech.
Juſt in the Place, where *Honor*'s lodg'd,
As wiſe *Philoſophers* have judg'd;
Becauſe a kick in that part more
Hurts *Honor*, then deep wounds before.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, The Stars determine
You are my Priſoners, Baſe Vermine.
Could they not tell you ſo, as wel
As what I came to know, foretel?
By this, what *Cheats* you are, we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind:
Your Lives are now at my diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by fine, or blows:
But who his Honor would defile,
To take, or ſell, two lives ſo Vile?
I'l give you *Quarter*, but your *Pillage*
The Conqu'ring Warrier 's *Crop* & *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he reaps, and plows;
That mine, the *Law* of *Arms* allows.

This

This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To romaging of *Sidrophel*.
Firſt, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings* and *Lockets*,
Which had been left with him, t' erect
A *Figure* for, and ſo detect.
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon 't, with other knacks,
Of *Booker*'s *Lilly*'s, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *Blank-Schemes* to diſcover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon-Dial*, with *Napiers* bones,
And ſeverall *Conſtellation*-ſtones,
Engrav'd in *Planetary hours*,
That over *Mortals* had ſtrange powers

To make 'em thrive in *Law*, or *Trade*;
And ſtab, or poyſon, to evade;
In *Wit*, or *Wiſdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love*.
Whachum had neither *Croſs*, nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while;
All which the *Conqu'rer* did diſcompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as full of tricks,
As *Rota-men* of *Politicks*,
Streight caſt about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conqu'rer with a fetch,
And make him glad, (at leaſt) to quit
His *Victory*, and fly the *Pit*,

Before

Before the *Secular Prince* of *Darkneſs*
Arriv'd to ſeize upon his Carcaſs.
And, as a *Fox*, with hot purſuit,
Chac'd through a *Warren*, caſt about
To ſave his credit, and among
Dead *Vermine* on a *Gallows* hung;
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Eſcap'd (by counterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* juſtling in his Brain,
As learn'd *Philoſophers* give out:
So *Sidrophello* caſt about,
And fell to 's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt ſlain.

Firſt, ſtretch'd out one leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breaſt to ſmother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth He, Where am I,
Alive, or Dead? Or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a ſpace ſo ſoon?
But now, I thought my ſelf in th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monſter* with huge *Whiskers*,
More formidable then a *Switzers*,
My body through, and through, had dril'd,
And *Whachum* by my ſide, had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plundred all we had to loſe;
Look there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the Place I am run through.

And

And there lies *Whachum* by my ſide,
Stone-dead, and in his own blood di'd.
Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Grone*,
And fell again into a ſwoun.
Shut both his eys, and ſtop'd his breath,
And to the *Life*, out-acted *Death*.
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now, no longer ſafe,
To tarry the return of *Raph*;
But rather leave him in the *Lurch*,
Thought he, He has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one firk,
To carry on the *Publick work*.

Deſpis'd

Deſpis'd our *Synod-men* like Durt,
And made their *Diſcipline* his Sport;
Divulg'd the ſecrets of their *Claſſes*,
And their *Conventions* prov'd *High-Places*;
Diſparag'd their *Tith-pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And ſet at nought, their *Cheeſe* and *Bacon*;
Rayl'd at their *Covenant*, and jear'd
Their rev'rend Perſons to my *Beard*:
For all which *Scandals* to be quit,
At once, this *Junkture* falls out fit.
I'l make him henceforth, to beware,
And tempt my fury, if he dare:
He muſt (at leaſt) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be ſcan'd,

Who

Who by their skill in *Palmiſtry*
Will quickly read his *Deſtiny*;
And make him glad to read his *Leſſon*,
Or take a turn for 't at the *Seſſion*:
Unleſs his *Light*, and *Gifts* prove truer,
Then ever yet they did, I 'm ſure;
For if he ſcape with *Whipping* now,
'Tis more then he can hope to do.
And that will diſengage my *Conſcience*,
Of th' *Obligation*, in his own ſenſe.
I 'l make him now by force abide,
What he by gentle means deny'd,
To give my *Honor* ſatisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This

This being resolv'd with equal speed,
And *Conduct*, he approach't his *Steed*;
And with *Activity* unwont,
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spur'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free;
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

FINIS.

Page 35. Line 6. read *at* p. 37. l. 8. r. *dive* p. 5. l. 4. r. *your* p. 54. l. 1. r. *Nature* p. 64. l. 8. r. *firk'd* p. 65. l. 4. r. *Squirer*. p. 71. l. 4. r. *duty* p. 91. l. 2. r. *just*. p. 100. l. 14. r. *firk*.